

JUNIOR RED CROSS

NEWS

December, 1920

"I Serve"



Greetings from Eskimo Juniors in Reindeer Land

Merry Christmas



Colorful friezes are made with paper, scissors, and paste, by French children

TOYS THAT REALLY TALK

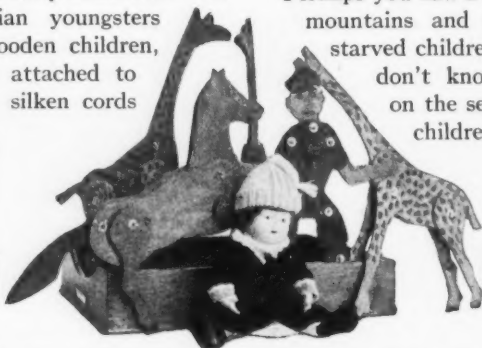
AT midnight on Christmas Eve, says the legend, all farm animals are granted a transient gift of speech. What a lot they must have to say, and what a shock it would be to some of the masters to hear their opinion of humans and their ways. There is something quite as wonderful happening today, and that is—that toys can talk. This doesn't mean the dolls in the Christmas toyshops who squeak "ma-ma-pa-pa" and then sit back as smugly satisfied as if they had preached a sermon. Nor does it mean the toys that teach us history, though it is interesting to know that long ago, before the pyramids were built, little Egyptian boys and girls played with balls, and wooden dolls with mud-bead hair.

All through the ages children have had toys, and because their play has always imitated their elders' work and games, the toys that have come down to us tell vivid stories of the life and customs of long-past days. Mostly the toys were made as side-products; a coach-maker, for instance, neglecting his regular work to make fascinating doll-coaches; and a famous silversmith devoting his artistic genius to carving a marvelous silver army for a little dauphin. Toymaking as a special trade is of comparatively recent origin and was first established on the European continent. Perhaps that accounts for the wonderful design and finish of the toys made and sent to America by "overseas" boys and girls.

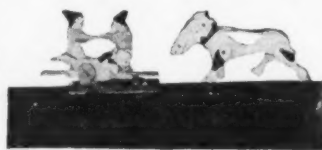
Some of these toys are delightfully humorous. For instance, the Czecho-Slovakian youngsters have made a set of chubby wooden children, attached to silken cords



Doll Furniture made for American children by orphans at a Junior playground on Paris ramparts.



Circus group made by school girls and boys of Dixie, Washington, for children overseas.



Juniors of Los Angeles, California, have produced interesting mechanical toys.

for bookmarks, that are just a bunch of carved and painted giggles.

And from the Bakulé School at Prague there comes a group of comical carved wooden animals illustrating Kipling's *Elephant's Child*. The Junior Red Cross displayed a "satiated curiosity" in the makers of these really remarkable toys and was rewarded with a set of brief autobiographies as thrilling as a trumpet call. For these toy-artists are cripples—"hopeless cripples," the outside world would say; yet their stories are fairly a-blaze with hope, and courage, and determination to lead normal, self-supporting lives.

Yes, the toys worth *hearing* are the toys made in the children's workshops. In our own country, what tales they could tell! Each toy represents a triumph over difficulties. That giraffe, now, do you remember how its head kept thinking itself a tail and wagging around in spite of all you could do? And how that automobile wheel would not turn until you had worked and worked and then it turned all at once and you never did know why? And how the paintbrush slipped when you were painting the doll and instead of a pretty little mouth you gave her a nose as red as a holly berry? You had to "make a face" for her all over again. But you didn't mind all that when the toys were really finished. You only remembered the fun you had in the jolly Junior workroom, and especially some mental pictures you liked to think about while you worked.

Perhaps you saw a country shut in between rugged mountains and the sea. Bare-footed, half-starved children wander about—children who don't know what toys are. A black dot on the sea grows larger—the Dalmatian children gather at the harbor of Spa-



and illustrate stories or picture native life for American children.

lato as their ship comes in. The *S. S. Mars* (strange name for a bearer of gifts!) will deliver its cargo of Junior Red Cross gifts in time for Christmas Day, 1920. The picture ends with a vision of milk-fed, chocolate-smeared children, their enjoyment divided between shiny shoes and bright new toys.

Chiming bells, gay voices singing Christmas carols, a dazzle of sun-light on gleaming snow—this was Siberia, that once most dreaded place. There was little to suggest its dreary prison past in the jolly crowd gathered round Red Cross automobiles. Toys, clothes, candy, and children, children everywhere—laughing, singing, dancing, the dark war-shadows driven from their hearts by the light of the tinselled, glittering, star-topped Christmas tree.

Fields of snow stretching unbroken under a frosty, twilight sky, the antics of the aurora in the northern heavens, and a distant chiming of sleighbells: Lap-land, the Land of the Reindeer. Countless children have thrilled at the thought of the Christmas sleigh drawn by those strange antlered steeds. On they came! Out of a forest of fir trees they ambled past—I am sorry to have to say it, but reindeer do not move very fast—jingling bells, toy-piled sledge, fur-coated driver, and all. What did it matter that the driver did not have long white whiskers and a

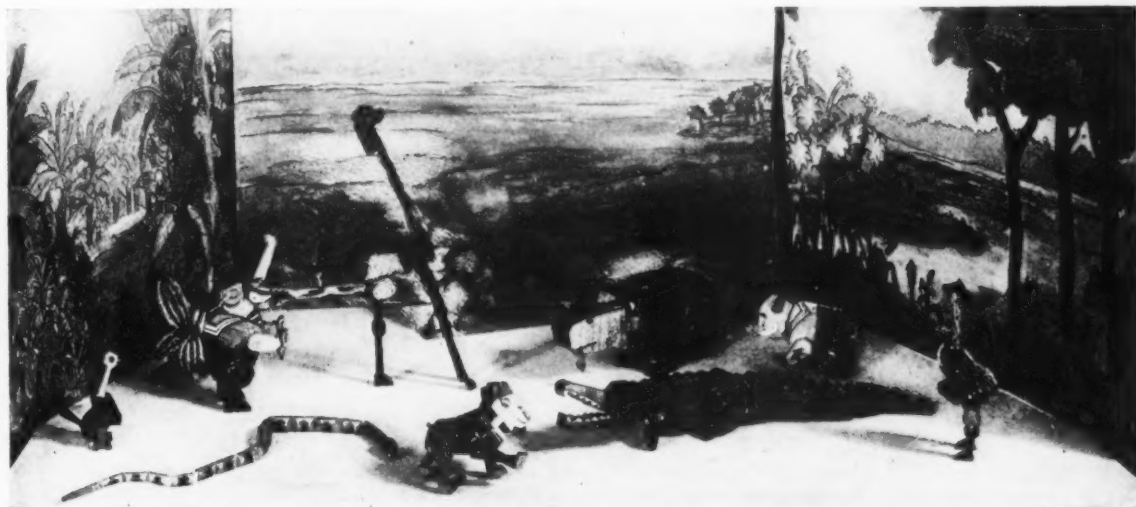
Santa Claus cap? It was surely the very Spirit of Christmas that sent him forth across the trackless, ice-bound waste, and it was the glowing warmth of Christmas joy that filled the lonely ice-huts as the solemn little Eskimos crowded in breathless happiness around their first real toys.

The toys that children make for children—these are the toys that really talk. They have reached lonely boys and girls all over the world and turned their twenty-fifth of December into CHRISTMAS DAY. They have told American children of the bright courage and eager friendliness of the children in distant lands; they have told the overseas children of the warm hearts and fellow-feeling of our children over here; and they have reminded children and grown people alike that love and service go hand in hand and "make the world go 'round."

The children are helping us to keep The Spirit of Christmas awake, for somehow the Christmas season seems to belong to making children happy—perhaps because it was the birthday of a little Child.

The Juniors have girdled the earth with a wreath of holly, and all over the world happy child-voices swell the joyful Christmas chorus:

"Peace on Earth,
Good-will toward men!"



Marvelous hardwood mechanical toys, which completely illustrate Kipling's story, "The Elephant's Child," have reached the Junior Red Cross as an expression of brotherly affection from Bakulé school in Czecho-Slovakia.



"Stanyka saw a big courtyard white with snow . . . There was a sound of children's laughter" ("Stanyka's Christmas Eve").

A.M. UPJOHN

STANYKA'S CHRISTMAS EVE

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, and all day large snow-

By Rose Wilder Lane

Drawings by Anna Milo Upjohn

"Has she a permit from the Mayor?" said the old man. The old woman said "No."

from the gray skies above Podgoritz. There were ridges of them on the curved tops of the window shutters, hills and hollows of them on the low-tiled roofs, and feathery masses on the leafless trees that lined the streets. The water in the gutter was frozen and donkeys' hoofs had broken it into sharp bits. One of them cut little Stanyka's foot through the rags that bound it, so she sat down in the snow and held the foot tightly in one hand.

She was six years old, and she did not cry. If she had cried it would have been because she was hungry. But she had long ago stopped crying about that. Just at first, when the soldiers had come down on the village and she had been lost in the Black Mountains without her mother, she had cried. But Blagota had been with her then, a sturdy big brother nine years old. He had comforted her when she cried. Now Blagota was gone. She had lost him while they were with the people in the caves, the people who had a fire and could cook the roots and leaves before eating them. Blagota had left her for a moment in the crowd, and he had not come back. Now she had been wandering a long time without him, and she did not cry any more. She sat in the snow holding her hurt foot and the snow-flakes fell steadily upon her.

Suddenly she saw a wrinkled face and sharp black eyes close to hers. An old woman bent under a huge load of wood was peering at her. A few feet away a donkey stood patiently while the man on its back talked to a man on foot. The old woman said, "Are you one of the homeless children?"

Stanyka said, "Yes, *gospoditza*, and I am very cold and would like to eat."

The old woman looked at the man on the donkey, who was talking and did not notice her. "Come," the old woman said, "I will take you to the house of the poor children, that we in Podgoritz call the Magic Palace."

"Will it be warm there?" Stanyka asked, and the old woman said, "Yes." She held Stanyka's hand and hurried very quickly around a corner. She was bent almost double beneath the wood, so that her face was only a little above Stanyka's. "There will be fire and food," she said. "Come quickly before my husband calls."

They stopped at a gate in a wall. The old woman struck sharply on the gate, and it opened. Stanyka saw a big courtyard white with snow. The shutters were not closed on the windows around it, and yellow light shone through the oiled silk panes. There was a sound of children's laughter. In the gateway stood an old man warmly dressed in sheepskin.

"It is a child I would leave here," said the old woman, jerking her head toward Stanyka.

"Get a permit from the Mayor, then, and bring her back," said the old man. "She cannot come in without a permit."

The old woman said nothing, and when the gate was closed she let go Stanyka's hand. "I must go," she said. "My husband calls me." The man on the donkey was hidden by a curve of the crooked street, but they could hear his voice. "Stay by this gate," said the old woman. "Pound on it, and do not go away. God watch over thee, little one!" She hobbled away quickly through the snow.

Stanyka looked at the gate, but she did not want to pound upon it. She was not a beggar. Often, when they knocked at hut doors, Blagota had said, "I am not a beggar, *gospoditza*! If you have food for my small sister I will work for it. We are not beggars, we men of Montenegro!" Stanyka thought, "When I get a permit from the Mayor, then I can knock on the gate."

It was already dusk, and only the whiteness of the snow lighted the streets. All the shutters were closed and locked; not a glimmer came from them. The men and donkeys that were still abroad were darker shadows among shadows, for it was not yet so late that travelers lighted torches. The night wind was rising; wisps of whirling snow danced like phantoms between the gray walls, and sharp particles stung Stanyka's cheeks. She clutched Blagota's old coat tighter around the many rags beneath it and set out to find the Mayor.

She was so small that people went quickly by without noticing her. She had to grasp at legs and cling to edges of embroidered coats. "Please will you tell me the way to the Mayor's?" Then, even when they bent down to answer she stood on tiptoe, to listen. Sometimes they laughed; sometimes they tried to stop her. But she went on, turning back and forth through the narrow streets, crossing alone the wide windy space of the promenade, where the trees whined overhead, and she ran till her breath seemed gone. Then she was lost for a long time.

But at last she came to the Town Hall. It was a great place two stories high, with steps going up to the doors. They were high steps, and she was very tired; she had to stoop and put her hands in the snow to lift herself up each one. Just as she reached the top, the doors opened, and there was the splendid Mayor. In a crimson coat, embroidered with gold, in bright blue bloomers and pointed shoes, he stood in the light of a torch that made his jewelled belt and silver-mounted pistols sparkle.

Stanyka gasped. Then she said quite bravely, "Please, Mayor, will you give me a right to go to the Magic Palace?"

The Mayor started and looked several ways before he saw her. Then he pulled his long mustaches, and, in a growly voice, asked what she meant by coming at that hour and where her mother was. When she said that she did not know where her mother was, the Mayor took her into the Town Hall and asked her more questions, and wrote on a paper, and sent a man with her back to the Magic Palace.

This time when the gate opened she went through it. The old man in the sheepskin coat took her into a room that was light and warm and full of strange, pleasant smells. He left her there, and she stood before a woman curiously dressed all in white with a bright red cross on her cap. Everything was strange and confusing. Soon another woman came, bringing a large bowl of broth. Stanyka sat on the floor and drank it eagerly.

"When did you eat last, little one?"

"I do not remember," Stanyka replied.

"After a little you shall have some more," the woman said. "Now come with me and I will make you clean." She lifted Stanyka from the floor. It was such a rich house that the floor was of large stones, instead of beaten earth. There was a damp, smudgy place on them, where she had sat.

In another room there was a large wooden box lined with something shining and smooth. It was filled with water. The woman gently took off all Stanyka's clothes and dropped them on a spread-out paper. Stanyka was too astonished to protest. She was surprised and interested to see how her body was made in deep hard ridges under both arms and how large and knotty her elbows and knees looked. But suddenly a terrible thing happened. The woman picked her up, and Stanyka saw that she had been brought here to be drowned. The woman was taking her toward the box full of water.

She did not scream, she turned and bit the woman's hand. Almost at the same moment she felt that the woman was not cruel, but kind. "It's all right, you will not be hurt," she was saying. "After awhile you will like it." And then Stanyka was in the water. She had never before been in water. It was warm and the warmth spread through her body like summer sunshine. She began to tremble, and large tears ran down her cheeks. All the time the woman, saying little comforting words, rubbed her with a cloth that foamed. First one part of her and then

another turned white under it. She was all white when the woman lifted her out and dried her in a large soft cloth.

Then an amazing straight white garment was put on her, and she was wrapped in a blanket and carried further into the mysterious house. They came to a place where a man waited to cut her hair. She went to sleep beneath the clipping sounds he made and when she woke there was only skin over the top of her head. Then it was washed, and dried, and a white cloth wrapped around it like a turban.

In this strange house there were many rooms all beneath one roof. It was filled with children in odd-looking clothes made of whole pieces of cloth, and the children were all laughing and shouting, making a great joyful noise.

But the strangest thing was a little tree against the wall, a little fir tree that had blossoms. And its blossoms were red and orange, and some white ones that sparkled and some little round blue ones like drops of frozen water that did not melt. The door closed behind them and the magic tree was gone.

Stanyka was now looking at another surprising thing. They were in a room filled with rows of white objects, oblong and thin, held up from the floor by posts at each corner. She trembled a little with apprehension.

"Do not be afraid," said her companion. "These are beds. One sleeps in them." And very gently she lowered Stanyka

upon one. It sank beneath her, and she clutched the woman in terror. But it did not sink far, and after a moment the woman loosened her tight fingers and put over her a cover that was smooth and white, but warm as sheepskin. Also there was a soft thing beneath her head. All around her was a softness like nothing she had ever known. She lay quite still, not daring to move, and the woman had to lift her to drink another bowl of hot broth. Then, tenderly she was laid back again, and the warmth and softness and rest were a joy almost too great to bear. Sobs shook her; she did not know why. All cold and terror and misery seemed to be breaking up and washing away with her tears.

She tried to say something that would show how she now felt.

"I'm—I'm sorry I bit you," she sobbed.



"In this strange house there were many rooms all beneath one roof."

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S FRIENDS

By Una Fairweather

THE stars in the north of Italy are cold and clear. As the shepherds watch their flocks by night they sit on the lonely hillsides, far away from the rest of the world. Wrapped in their cloaks they gaze at the shining stars. They are a silent, lonely people, the shepherds of the north. They know all the stars by name and learn much star-lore, and in the quiet hour just before the dawn, in that darkest hour which is so soon dispelled, they study the Pleiades. They then know what the weather will be on land and sea; whether the sailors will encounter a storm.

Little Nazareno Brunati had often watched the flocks with the older shepherds before he came to the agricultural school at Collestrada which is aided by the Junior Red Cross. His father had been killed in the war, and the boy had to earn for his family. He became a shepherd, and far out on solitary hillsides followed the sheep straying to find soft herbage. Sometimes he had curled up under the shelter of a boulder, or stretched out in the grass. But for many hours at night, silently hunched up in his woolen cloak, he had watched the gleaming planets—gazed at the endless circles of glittering stars.

Now, in the school, he recounted some of the lore taught him by the shepherds. An American friend sat beside him looking out toward the soft, undulating Umbrian plain. Nazareno was lonely. His surroundings were new and designed to help him, but as he talked he would rub hard at his little nose with a bright handkerchief to hide his tears. He missed the quiet independent life beneath the stars and among his sheep, and was ill at ease among the more worldly boys. No stupendous adventures had been his; he had not escaped from the oncoming enemy, nor been herded with thousands of refugees into box cars and taken miles from home. The thrills of his life had



"For many hours at night he watched the gleaming planets."

been when he drowns in the grass and heard the sharp click of a mule's hoof against a stone perilously near his head, or when a rabbit started from cover at his feet and bounded away. He knew nothing of the so-called joys of towns.

It was because Antonio had a watch of which he was proud that Nazareno grew confidential.

"What is a watch?" the shepherd boy asked. "I know the stars. On our hills when the sheep were sleeping I sat up at night, and knew just what time it was. When the big star was in the Wheel, it was one; when it went into the Cart, it was three. A watch breaks: it goes slow, it goes fast. But the stars never change."

The twilight was gathering as the boy talked, and his eyes looked up at the darkening skies in which little glints of light were faintly appearing.

"The shepherds know what is happening every where. They read the stars just like a book. They say when a storm is coming. And if the clouds are near certain stars, then the sea will be rough. For there are stars that only tell about the sea. And some that tell whether the harvest will be good. So the shepherds believe."

Nazareno was getting sleepy but he chattered on and on. "Come, Nazareno!" The Red Cross girl shook him playfully. "It's time to go to bed. The others have gone long ago. And now you won't be lonely anymore, will you? You have seen that the stars here in Umbria are the same that shone above your own hilltops."

The night had fallen, and as the American girl and the Italian boy walked to the house the girl looked over to the evening star, gleaming across the plain.

"Yes, Signorina," said Nazareno; "and that star up there, the shepherds told me, can even be seen far off in your America. It must be so! And I love to think about it."

AND THEN I SAW JERUSALEM

And then I saw Jerusalem
Lying an opalescent gem,
Or breastplate, 'mid the ephod's blue
And gold and purple ambient hue—
A city from the skies let down
To be henceforth the whole earth's Crown
Set 'mid the Holy Land.

—John Finley.

CHRISTMAS CHEER ALL THE YEAR

Say the Juniors



Part of Jerusalem, with Garden of Gethsemane in left foreground. The Junior Red Cross assists an orphanage here



Junior spirit is Christmas spirit in parts of France and Belgium

A Roumanian clown, not Santa Claus, at left. Above, a little farmerette in an Italian school aided by Juniors. At right, swinging basket for baby in a Russian peasant home, an interior fit for a painting



"UNTO ME"

In little faces, pinched with cold and hunger,
Look, lest ye miss Him! In the wistful eyes,
And on the mouth unfed by mother-kisses—
Marred, bruised, and stained, His precious
image lies.

And when ye find Him in the midnight wild,
Even in the likeness of an outcast child,
O, wise men, own your King!
Before this cradle bring
Your gold to raise and bless,
Your myrrh of tenderness!
For, "As ye do it unto these," saith He,
"Ye do it unto Me."

Anonymous.



PHOTO BY LEWIS W. HINE

*Little American cripples and
shut-ins can be made happy
in many ways by you*

*European waifs receiving useful
Christmas gifts from Red Cross*



PHOTOS BY PAUL THOMPSON

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO TEACHERS!

This is the last issue of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS to be sent without charge to schools organized as Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries before it is put on a paid subscription basis at the rate of 45 cents for the nine school months of a calendar year (omitting June, July, and August). Subscriptions should be forwarded by the head teacher or principal to the Chairman of the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee. There should be a subscription to the NEWS for each classroom. The Chairman of the Chapter School Committee should send subscription applications promptly to Division Headquarters of the Red Cross in his territory in order to insure receipt of the NEWS by his schools within a month of the time of initiation of the application. Subscriptions received after January 1, 1921, will be entered for the equivalent of a school year of nine months, beginning with the next issue after receipt of the application. All subscriptions from schools should be sent through the Chairman of the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee. Subscriptions from individuals, who want the NEWS sent to their homes, should be addressed to JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, Washington, D. C., these subscriptions to start with the current number. The NEWS will bring to the entire classroom helpful stories, articles, and pictures of the Junior Red Cross movement the world over, and through its *teacher's page*, the third from the last in the magazine, suggest ways and means of weaving colorful and timely material into regular studies.

From Cover to Cover this number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS seeks to convey a merry Christmas to everyone everywhere. The wish is not restricted in any sense. The mission of the Junior Red Cross is "happy childhood the world over," but that does not mean that grown-ups are to be excluded from happiness, does it? Clean, unselfish thinking and living will bring that happiness to everyone. Just do your part *perseveringly!*

Our National Holidays our days of commemoration or festival," says Constance D'Arcy Mackay, "will, in the years that are coming, take on new significance. They will become Americanization days. And because of them every city in this land will have its stadium or outdoor theatre. . . . Each city will work out its own dramatic plan or schedule; for their celebrations will not be allowed to become stale."

Aside from the great holiday designated as December 25, an American holiday of unusual significance will be celebrated this month. December 21 is the day appointed by the President of the United States for a fitting observation, wherever the American flag floats, of the Pilgrim Tercentenary—the three hun-

dredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

The efforts of these pioneers to free themselves from domination, and the seeds of liberty and unselfishness sown by them in America, are fitting subjects for commemoration in Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries. Mayflower Day bids fair to be a joyous Americanization day in no narrow meaning, for by it will be revealed anew a leaven that is working for the betterment of all mankind.

Over Half a Million dollars were contributed by Auxiliaries of the Junior Red Cross, public, parochial, and private, for educational relief work among children in war-devastated lands during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1920, according to an American Red Cross statement about the National Children's Fund. To be exact, the amount was \$535,625.79.

Figuring prominently in the year's work in Europe were the operation of school lunches in Belgian and French villages; summer and winter camps and colonies for war orphans in France and Czecho-Slovakia; establishment of scholarships and apprenticeships for war orphans in France, Italy, and Palestine; founding or aiding of orphanage schools in France, Italy, Belgium, Albania, Roumania, Montenegro, Serbia, and Poland; healthful games and playground activities provided in France and Czecho-Slovakia; tools and seeds supplied and school gardens started in Poland; and donations made to farm centers and hospitals for children in France, to a school for crippled children in Czecho-Slovakia, and to child clinics in Greece. Also, a campaign of education in sanitation to combat blindness was launched in China, in cooperation with other American institutions. In the foreign field, nearly 50,000 children were helped directly, and a message of hope and good will was carried to many thousands more.

Coincident with the conduct of this work abroad, a well defined domestic program was developed. The Juniors contributed to special care for crippled children in hospitals, provided eyeglasses, sent milk to the undernourished, financed dental clinics for children, and aided various child health and welfare agencies in hundreds of centers throughout the country. They supplied clothing and shoes to enable children to attend school, and paid the tuition, provided books, and gave other aid to needy children.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

When you wake right up at the first cockcrow
And slip out of bed in the firelight glow
To feel of a stocking's bulging toe—
When chimes begin ringing and gay horns blow
And a jingle of sleighbells comes over the snow
And within all is bustle and laughter—Oh ho!
These are the signals by which you will know
It's Christmas Day in the Morning!

—E. B.

A Flight With the SPIRIT OF HAPPINESS

By W. S. Gard

THE Spirit of Happiness was dancing and gleaming like a silvery beam from Bethlehem's star, for it was the glad some Christmas-tide and he was preparing to flash over the world in his yearly quest of the most joyous children in all the land.

"I know where I shall find them," said he. "Past experience has made me certain of that. I have seen them in an inland city called Indianapolis, where school girls and school boys made hundreds of toys which, with rugs, quilts, and mittens, were sent to settlement houses and free kindergartens. At the same time, they made a Christmas present of \$100 to bring cheer to children in war-devastated France."

Delightedly he continued his tale of adventure.

"Next I watched children in the Sixth Grade of a school at Bristol, Virginia, prepare a very beautiful tree, all gay with tinsel and lights, for the children of the lower grades. The teacher had ruled that nothing was to be bought for the tree and the result was a most interesting and attractive collection of mended toys, freshly dressed dolls, and warm clothing.

"Then I skipped over to a town called Fairmont, in West Virginia, and discovered one hundred Christmas stockings which had been made by happy, singing youngsters and filled with candy, nuts, and toys for children who, they thought, would otherwise miss the joys of the glad season. Next came a long flight to Jamestown, New York, but it was a trip well worth while, for I found a group of children who had supplied overcoats, cloaks, and mittens to save poor children in the city schools from the pinching fingers of Jack Frost. This same sort of gift, I learned, had been sent by boys and girls of the great Northwest—Washington, Oregon, and Idaho—to ill-clad orphans in Poland.

"In the sea-coast city of Baltimore I saw great piles of oranges, cakes, candy, and jams, all going to make Christmas cheer for wounded heroes in Army and Navy hospitals. These children also had contributed \$5,000 to care for ten youthful patients for one year in a Hospital School for Crippled Children. At Newport, Tennessee, I espied a collection of toys which busy youngsters were preparing to distribute among friends in orphanages and hospitals. Not so very far away I found the pupils of Lanier High School, in Macon, Georgia, arranging an enter-



© Kadel & Herbert

"Delightedly he continued his tale of adventure."

tainment for forty children of the elementary schools, who otherwise would have had no Christmas celebration. In Waco, Texas, I discovered groups of school pupils delivering evergreens to homes where Christmas trees were missing.

"Continuing my flight, I alighted in a children's hospital at Louisville, Kentucky. There I found small invalids joyous on that Christmas Eve over bright-colored pictures pasted on strips of cardboard. They were gifts of school boys and girls of LaGrange, Kentucky, who had prepared them to replace scrap-books too heavy for tiny hands to hold.

"Winging my way out over the sea, I alighted on a beautiful island set down on the map as Porto Rico, and there I found a group of children who had made a gift of a house to a poor mother and her family of seven children that they might have a home of their own.

"Everywhere I went, up and down the land," concluded Happiness, "I found bands of boys and girls busy making gifts for little friends in foreign lands, toward whom they entertained a warm feeling of world neighborliness. To them, Christmas, with its holly-be-decked homes and schools, was the merriest time in all the year—a time for acts of loving service.

"In my search for children whom I could claim for my very own, I had discovered the Junior Red Cross."

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
Some highway to happier make,
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are.—*Cheer.*



Slovakian boys wear caps much like the 'coonskin head-gear of Daniel Boone. Scene near Landok, Slovakia.

IN the valley below Assisi, where the songs of his little friends, the birds, floated up to St. Francis, there is a Franciscan convent deserted now of monks, and filled with boys, orphans of the war, living in an agricultural school. I went there last summer with the Director for Italy of the Junior Red Cross of America. The children of the school were all her friends; many of them were supported there by scholarships paid for out of the National Children's Fund. They were overjoyed to see us, and proudly showed us their school treasures, the garden where every boy had his own plot of ground, and that which they also worked in common. When we returned from the garden to the convent they showed me their proudest treasure—postal cards with words of greeting from school friends in America, sent out through the Junior Red Cross. The Junior Red Cross Director had with her two hundred more such cards from schools in Philadelphia, each with a personal message to some boy in school. Some of them were written in Italian by little Italian-Americans. When she distributed them the children gathered around her, shouting, and were as eager to get the cards as if they had been candy or some other treasure of childhood.

In Rome I walked with a kind Italian Red Cross nurse through room after room filled with little boys and girls, orphans of the war from the district of the Piave river. They were receiving in this hospital

SCHOOL FRIENDS

By Henry Noble MacCracken

*President, Vassar College; Formerly
National Director, Junior Red Cross*

orphanage nourishment and care preparatory to their being sent back to their homeland. Something about their suits and dresses seemed familiar to me. The mystery was quickly made clear when an older girl showed me a room where sewing women were busily engaged transforming American pajamas, which had been so carefully made for the soldiers by American high school girls during the war, into little suits and dresses, caps and bags for these little waifs tossed up on the shore of the Tiber.

In Florence, the Chief of the Italian Geographical Bureau showed me prints from the plates of the very finest and most detailed Italian maps which he was preparing to send to the Junior Red Cross in America as a free gift from the government. They are to be made up as wall maps, and each map of this mother-country of the arts is to be surrounded by photographs of Italian school friends of the American children of the Junior Red Cross, in their work and play—a greeting from Italy and a plea that we shall, through our geography, know them better. What a possibility it opens up to us of a new kind of geography in which living children friends dwell in real countries!

If the clouds hang blacker over any place in darkest Europe than the black mountains of Montenegro, I have not heard of it, but the children of that little country are all school friends of tomorrow for Junior Red Cross members in America. The only school where instruction above the eighth grade is given in the whole country is the high school of Podgoritzta, and every boy that goes to that school knows that he is having his chance at high school because of the friendship of his school friends in America, as the Junior Red Cross is even building the high school building for them.

In another country of the Slavs, in a crowded city of a million, Praha, Bohemia, I saw on a hilltop overlooking the most congested tenements, a beautiful children's playground. It was built on the American model under the supervision of a Vassar girl at work in the Y. W. C. A. Six hundred children were playing there on the afternoon I saw it, in supervised play and under the leadership of an American-Czech loaned by the Y. M. C. A.

Far from Praha in the country of Slovakia I came over a desolate plain to a camp of dilapidated barracks which had been built some years before to receive refugees from Poland. It was crowded with hundreds of children, boys and girls from Vienna of Czech parentage, brought by their mother-country to receive better nourishment and perhaps restoration to health in the freer air of the plains and hills. The supervision of the camp, as of all the similar summer

OF TOMORROW

Drawings from Life

By Anna Milo Upjohn

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camp in that country, amounting to forty thousand children in all, was entrusted on the health side to the American Junior Red Cross Director for that country and her two dozen assistants. As a result, the unhappy sanitary conditions of the previous year have been entirely remedied and the camp is a model of cleanliness and essential order. I say essential order because the casual visitor might have concluded that this was the Capital of Pandemonium. Do you remember pictures of Palmer Cox's Brownies at work on the palace? That is exactly what this camp looked like. The kind superintendent had granted the children's request that they might be allowed to paint the various buildings with different colors, so that each could be individualized and be named after its color. Paint was supplied, and the children were madly engaged in decorating their barracks with pictures of flowers, trees, the flags of their country, and every other design that the imagination of children could invent. There was paint on their dresses, paint on their doorsteps, paint on their faces, and a happier band of children you could not imagine. This was a day of unadulterated joy for them. The Junior Red Cross Director went through each dormitory and inspected their dressing rooms. Each child had his American toothbrush and soap and wash cloth, gifts of the American children. They went through their health drill, and they proudly received the credits for obeying the health habits she was teaching them. The teachers from the neighboring towns had asked the Director to extend her work into the schools this fall, and so all over the country the great health program of the American Junior Red Cross is going into the schools of this new republic, encouraged and fostered by the national Red Cross under the daughter of the President, Dr. Alice Masaryk. If there is one wish which a fairy godmother could grant for this country it would be that all its splendid boys and girls might grow up strong and well, for every one of them is needed to make it a shining light amid the central Europe unrest.

At Verdun, four years ago, French soldiers kept the faith, and I saw the spot that is marked by Rodin's glorious statue dedicated to them with the motto "They shall not pass!" Today the children of Verdun and its surroundings are winning a victory of peace, as they say to the scourges of childhood which hover around the devastated regions: "They, too, shall not pass!"

Through the French organization, "School for School," a splendid name—and, by-the-way, the motto of the Italian Junior Red Cross to be founded



Breton girls and boys practically live on bread which is well-baked in five-pound loaves.

this fall has been chosen "Child for Child"—the children of the American Junior Red Cross are to be put in close touch with the children, both of the devastated regions and of the happier regions of France. The idea of correspondence directed and encouraged in an educational way by teachers, has been turned over to the Junior Red Cross, and we shall see one of the greatest experiments of recent times in the attempt to bring home to children the sense of another language, living like their own, on the lips and busy finger tips of living children like themselves. The French, too, propose this year to develop the Junior Red Cross, with the cooperation of the Ministry of Education.

School friends of tomorrow will include also the children of the Chinese Red Cross, who, starting at Shanghai, have rapidly developed their organization. In Sweden, according to a report which I saw in Geneva last summer, the Swedish Red Cross is finding the warmest cooperation in the development of the spirit of Red Cross service through school activities. The Junior Red Cross of Canada, which began in far-away Saskatchewan, has rapidly spread over the whole country.

Throughout the world today, in this all-embracing organization, the school friends of tomorrow await American children with a greeting of friendship and the offer to meet them halfway in mutual service.

THIS holiday number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

demonstrates that the Christmas spirit of helpfulness is the Junior Red Cross spirit all the year 'round. The articles, stories, and poems have been classified under such headings as will make them readily adaptable for school work.

FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

The collection of smiles under the heading "Christmas Cheer all the Year," pages 56 and 57, will make a cheerful pictorial feature for the Bulletin Board. "Our National Holidays," page 58, will serve as a reminder of a December historical day, while the account of Junior Red Cross activities, page 58, and "A Flight With the Spirit of Happiness," page 59, give interesting information of what the Juniors are doing at home and abroad.

CITIZENSHIP

"Our National Holidays," page 58, reminds that on December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims landed in America. "Be the Best of Whatever You Are," page 59, points the way to better citizenship; while "School Friends of Tomorrow," page 60, and "The Editor's Christmas Letter," page 64, picture a citizenship not merely national, but universal.

MEMORY SELECTIONS—POETRY

Five poems are presented, all of which have at least a suggestion of Christmas. "And Then I Saw Jerusalem," page 55; "Unto Me," page 57; "Christmas Day in the Morning," page 58; "Be the Best of Whatever You Are," page 59; and a Christmas tree verse in "The Editor's Christmas Letter," page 64.

STORIES TO TELL

There are good stories to tell in "Stanyka's Christmas Eve," page 53; "The Shepherd Boy's Friends," page 55; "Toys That Really Talk," page 50; and "School Friends of Tomorrow," page 60.

ART

The friezes made by French children, on pages 50 and 51, are worth the attention of art pupils, who

THE DAY'S WORK

may find it interesting to make similar decorations for their school

rooms. Miss Upjohn's illustrations on pages 52, 54, 55, 60, and 61, as usual, are full of charm and interest.

DRAMATICS AND MUSIC

On the book page, page 63, is a list of Christmas plays and carols which furnishes good material for Christmas entertainments.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

The photographs "Christmas Cheer All the Year," pages 56 and 57; "Toys That Really Talk," page 50; "The Shepherd Boy's Friends," page 55; "A Flight With the Spirit of Happiness," page 59; and "School Friends of Tomorrow," page 60, introduce children of America, as well as of countries across the sea, so vividly that their homes no longer seem just "places on the map." History students will be especially interested in "Our National Holidays," page 58.

READING

There is much material to be listed under this heading. For story-reading there are: "Toys That Really Talk," page 50; "Stanyka's Christmas Eve," page 53; "The Shepherd Boy's Friends," page 55. There are two articles of much interest: "A Flight With the Spirit of Happiness," page 59, and "School Friends of Tomorrow," page 60. There are several poems: "And Then I Saw Jerusalem," page 55; "Unto Me," page 57; "Christmas Day in the Morning," page 58; and "Be the Best of Whatever You Are," page 59. The book page—page 63—gives a list of Christmas stories that are good to read aloud as the holidays approach, and "The Editor's Christmas Letter" sums up the Christmas message of this issue of the News.

PILGRIM TERCENTENARY

The three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, which will be celebrated December 21, makes of particular value the play, "Mayflower Town," in the September News. See also the book page, in the November News, and an editorial on page 58, of this number.



"A happy childhood is our aim throughout the big wide world." Drawing by Elizabeth Stover, Union High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

OH dear! Oh dear! What can a body do, for a Christmas entertainment?" moaned a group of Juniors who had gathered at the public library to discuss the harrowing question.

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," tinkled in soft laughter the books on the shelf labeled "music." "If only they knew what we know! What everybody ought to know! Why, there is nothing that sings itself into Christmas Day like a carol! Dress ye up in simple fashion, children, and carol merrily. That is how in ancient days, Christmas came to all the land. What could surpass an entertainment on Christmas eve, with no lights, save candles, and a program filled with carols, lovely Christmas chimes and music! Tableaux are in keeping with a musical program, and short plays or readings may be also pleasingly introduced. *The Baby's Opera*, by Walter Crane (Published by Frederick Warne & Co., N. Y., \$1.50), gives these two old holiday rhymes with music: 'Dame, get up and bake your pies, on Christmas Day in the morning,' and 'I saw three ships come sailing by, on New Year's Day in the morning.' *Songs and Games for Little Ones*, by Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks (Published by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, \$2), contains a full program of songs and carols. Among them are: 'Oh, Ring Glad Bells!'; 'The First Christmas,' a splendid song for very small children; 'Noel, Noel,' a good processional, and 'O Wonderful Tree.' *Songs for Little Children*, by Eleanor Smith (Published by Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., in two volumes, \$1 each). Part 1 contains, 'In Another Land and Time,' and 'Waken Little Children'; Part 2 contains songs about Santa and Jack Frost. *Holiday Songs and Every Day Songs and Games*, by Emilie Poulsson (Published by Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., \$2), offers carols and songs for all the holidays. *Christmas Carols and Hymns for School and Choir*, compiled by Hollis Dann (Published by American Book Co., New York and Chicago, 56 cents), is filled with such gems as 'Martin Luther's Cradle Hymn,' Isaac Watts' 'Joy to the World,' and the carols of many lands and people."

"Why not combine dancing with music?" queried a graceful looking volume on a near-by shelf. "Think what an attractive program you could make by giving the Christmas carols and folk dances of various countries. Let me refer you to the following members of my family for suggestions and help: *The Folk Dance Book* and *The Second Folk Dance Book*, both compiled by C. Ward Crampton (Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y., \$1.80 each), and *Dances, Drills, and Story-Plays for Every Day and Holidays*, by Nina B. Lamkin (Published by T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago, 85 cents)."

"They fetched the Yule-log in, and sat around it—

mother, sister, brother, grandson, sire—regaling themselves with legends and stories of Candlemas Day," crooned a far-away voice in the book room! "Don't forget that stories have a rightful place on the Christmas program! Read them, tell them, or act them, but don't omit them! Let me refresh your memories by naming over a few books of Christmas lore: *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y., \$1.50; the same, G. P. Putnam, N. Y., \$1); *Christmas Every Day and Other Stories* by William Dean Howells (Published by Harper & Bros., N. Y., \$1.40); 'Old Christmas' in *The Sketch Book* by Washington Irving (Published by T. Y. Crowell Co., N. Y., \$1), and *The First Christmas Tree* by Henry Van Dyke (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 60 cents). Other stories to read may be found in the following books: *The St. Nicholas Christmas Book* (Published by the Century Co., N. Y., \$1.50); *The Children's Book of Christmas* by Ase Don Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I., \$1.50), and *Christmas in Legend and Story*, by Elva S. Smith and Alice I. Hazeltine (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shephard Co., Boston, \$1.50).

"Lest you forget, I'll remind you that Jack Horner lived in a rhyme book, and 'twas there he found the plum. There are always plums in rhyme books and the Christmas pudding! What would Christmas be without these goodies! 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse!'; 'Jest before Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be,' and 'I heard the bells on Christmas Day, Their old familiar carols play.' *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folk*, by Burton Egbert Stevenson (Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., \$2.25); *Golden Numbers*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and N. D. Smith (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I., \$2; the same, American Classics Series (Published by Grossett & Dunlap, N. Y., 75 cents); *Story Telling Poems*, by Frances Jenkins Olcott (Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, \$1.50); *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse*, by Eugene Field (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., \$2.25).

"In JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for April, 1920, you will find a number of plays mentioned, many of which will fit beautifully into a Christmas program. *St. Nicholas Book of Plays*, First Series, *St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas*, Second Series (Both published by The Century Co., New York, \$1.25 each), and a dramatic version of *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin in collaboration with Helen Ingersoll (Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, 35 cents)."

The Editor's Christmas Letter

Dear Juniors:

Wouldn't it be wonderful if there could be a Christmas tree so big and so wisely and bountifully laden with good things that all the children in the world could be present and made happy by it? The biggest Christmas tree I ever heard of was made of seven huge cedars which were cut down and hauled to an American Army camp near the Mexican border, in December, 1916. General Pershing directed the making of this gigantic tree, being the seven trees bound together with chains and ropes. It could be seen for miles around, either at night when aglow with scores of lanterns, or in the daytime. Thousands of American soldiers gathered about it and received gifts from their homefolks and the Red Cross.

But just imagine a Christmas tree for all the children of the world! It would require a tree as broad and as high as Mt. McKinley, wouldn't it? And what an opportunity it would be, with children present from the Far North, from the Far South, from the East, and from the West—children representing every country, race, and tribe on the face of the earth! What discoveries you would make, what endless delight you would find in mingling with the millions of children! How strange most of them would seem to you; and how strange you yourself would seem to the others!

And yet, in spite of differences in language, customs, and dress, you would find many things in common, and the very purpose bringing you together would promote understanding. Is not the language of love universal? And is not that *everyone's language* at Christmas time?

Could we but have a Christmas tree
For all the world, oh, what would be
The gifts upon its branches hung
To be distributed among
The eager peoples standing by?
What would you give, and what would I?
Would silks or furs or rarest lace
Or gold or diamonds have place
Upon the branches of a tree
Designed to bless humanity?
Or would we rather fasten there
The gifts we know would banish care?

These questions in verse, written by Sophie E. Redford, apply to America today. Do you know that more money has been spent in the United States in one year for things

that are not really needed than the Great War cost your country? That luxuries, the things that most people can do without, cost Americans last year twenty-two and a half billions of dollars, almost as much as the total debt of the United States government?

On this page there is a picture of a little girl that I want you to study for a moment. She is one of the eleven and a half million orphans left in the world by a man-made war. It doesn't make any difference where she is. She might be in the United States in the rags you see her in and carrying the bucket of Red Cross soup which is to be dinner for herself and her brother. I simply want you to know that there would be millions like her at that world Christmas tree.

Christmas in many countries suggests thinking of others because it commemorates the birth of One who devoted his whole earthly career to thinking of others and to serving them.

"I have always thought of Christmas time," says Charles Dickens, "as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely."

Every day could be made Christmas Day for somebody. You Junior Red Cross members can bring more Christmases into the lives of children far and near, and if you do this a world Christmas tree will not be necessary. Furthermore, there are not any trees as large as Mt. McKinley; but your hearts can be made that large, and larger.

The Christmas spirit, so called, is essentially a spirit of unselfishness. Can you imagine anyone being both selfish and happy at Christmas time? Now, Christmas time is not different from any other time. The earth spins through space and travels around the sun. As it revolves the side we happen to be living on is lighted whenever it is turned toward the sun, and is darkened whenever it is away from the sun. Flashing in and out of the sunlight, life goes on; so why act any differently toward your fellow beings during one of these flashes of light than you do during another? The great Teacher, whose earthly appearance is celebrated on Christmas Day, in accord with the spiritual leaders of countless ages, taught that a self-sacrificing love for others should be manifest not merely at periods, but constantly.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.

